THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

MY OWN.

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchard and the mowing fields,
The lawns and gardens fine,
The winds my tax collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity—
A little strip of sea.

Here sit I, as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase:
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before;
The universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be,
Glad when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

—By Lucy Larcom.

THE PACIFIC

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THE DENOMINATION DOESN'T MATTER!

In the last number of the Broadway Tabernacle Tidings we notice the following item:

"The Tabernacle is losing its members by removal all the time, but it is not often that it loses one whose presence will be more missed, and whose absence will be so much lamented as that of Miss Ellen C. Parsons, who has given up her position as editor of Woman's Work for Women, the Foreign Missionary Magazine of the Presbyterian Church, and has retired to Northampton to live in the old Parsons homestead with two of her sisters. Miss Parsons united with the Tabernacle in 1893, and during the last nineteen years has been one of our most loyal and valuable members. As a teacher in our primary school she has never had a superior, and as a speaker in our prayer meetings she has always brought instruction and inspiration. Although officially connected with the work of the Presbyterians, her heart has been ever true to her own denomination, and whenever her duties have permitted it, she has been in her place at our services. She leaves a place vacant in the Tabernacle which it will be difficult to fill. Her many New York friends rejoice that she can now enjoy a period of leisure which she has richly earned by long years of arduous and faithful service."

We give this item in full so as to show that a person can occupy one of the most important positions in one denomination and have Church membership in another, and so give herself to her work and to her Church as to continue the work for many years and all the while be highly helpful and beloved in the circle of her Church.

Miss Parsons, we presume, was chosen for the editorial position herein named because she was the most suitable person for it. She had reasons, which seemed to her sufficient, for retaining her membership in a Congregational Church; and inasmuch as she didn't choose to take the usual course—the one which ought generally to be taken—and change her membership, and the Presbyterians allowed her to exercise her will in the matter, we have an interesting illustration of the narrow dividing line between the religious bodies today. No, the denomination does not matter!

In his lecture in the Greek Theater in Berkeley, Dr. Grenfell told humorously an experience of his in Labrador. The injured leg of a woman had been amputated by him and she thought it was incumbent on him to provide another for her. Telling of the need one day in a New England Congregational Church, the pastor, a little later wrote him that a woman who had passed away had left a leg behind her—a cork one, and that he could have it. The woman who had departed this life was a Methodist and the woman who needed a leg was a Roman Catholic. And thus for the first time in his life, said Dr. Grenfell, he succeeded in getting a Roman Catholic on a Methodist foundation. The combination proved very satisfactory.

We thought, as we heard the story, of the good time coming when Roman Catholics will not stand on Methodist foundations, nor Methodists on Roman Catholic foundations; but when all will stand on one and the same foundation—and it will be simply Christian.

Dr. Grenfell told in one of his lectures of sitting in a little cabin on the Labrador Coast while a trained nurse from New York washed a sick baby and instructed its mother how to care for it so as to save its life. He said: "It was that gentlewoman's ministry for Jesus Christ. For the privilege she was paying her own expenses and receiving no salary. If ever I realized the Master standing by in my life it was then and there in the semi-darkness of that hut. An hour later, as I spoke to a preacher about this angel of mercy, he said. 'Yes, but it is a pity she is a Roman Catholic.' " In the face of such service there was no call for such a remark as that. Grant it—that there was that in her faith which is erroneous. No one is to be pitied for erroneous beliefs, nor anyone with whom she has to do, out from whom streams so holy a service as that.

It is not surprising that Dr. Grenfell should have written not long ago, out of his experience: "One great trouble with tying one's self to any one Church, from my peripatetic point of view has always been the fact that so many other Churches say, 'If you are not one of us, you are against us.' It is almost too personal to illustrate this from my own somewhat sad experience in my early days, but every worker in the field must have felt it. Jesus had specially to rebuke his own disciples for forbidding any man from casting out devils. For whatever his opinions, he must be on our side."

But, added Dr. Grenfell when he wrote the foregoing, "Thank God, there is a new spirit entering the Churches! Only those can survive eventually who cultivate it."

WORTH-WHILE WORK.

One doesn't need to go to Labrador to do it, nor to any other remote region. It can be done right here on the Pacific Coast; so Dr. Grenfell sought to have his hearers understand when he told in his modest way the story of his work among the fishermen.

Last Wednesday evening in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, we heard about some worth-while work. It is the work Mr. F. G. Athearn is doing among the employees of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. We believe it is called "Welfare Work." When Mr. Athearn first talked of this work a few years ago with friends and university professors and humanitarians, he was told he was a dreamer, that it wasn't practical. But he has been able to place after it the letters Q. E. D.,—which was to be demonstrated. He has solved the problem.

When the plan was laid before Mr. Harriman, he said: "Go ahead!" Buildings were put up and equipped, and

today in nineteen different places on the Southern Pacific System there are club houses where employes can find that which appeals to their social natures and lessens the attractions of all places of evil resort. Mr. Athearn, learning a lesson from the saloon, has made the club houses places of as much welcome and cheer as the saloon is made. As in the saloon all are on a level. In talking of his work he said that if President Taft were to step into a saloon he would be on the social level of every other man therein, and that anyone would be quite free to approach him, slap him on the back and say: "Come Bill, let's have a drink." Further, as to the saloon it was remarked that no man was employed as bartender who did not have an engaging welcoming manner; that it was the business of the bartender to make every comer feel after he had been there five minutes that he had a friend in him.

Accordingly when a railroad man comes into one of these club houses and asks for a room for the night, he is given as much consideration as if he were in a fine hotel. A smiling-faced porter shows him to his room, carries his luggage, a dirty roll, though it may be, turns on the electric lights as he ushers him into a room, the bed in which, has on it white pillowslips and clean, white sheets. Ere long, said Mr. Athearn, many a man will come sauntering down to the office with the inquiry, "Got any bath room here where I can take a bath?" There is something in the atmosphere which makes them want to clean up.

In these houses there are no rules posted up anywhere, and the only requirement of each patron is that he be a gentleman.

The charges are low, a room costing only 15 cents a night. There is a reading room; card and billiard rooms; a place where the men can pitch horseshoes; but there is no gymnasium. Hard working railroad men do not need, or care for a gymnasium. Mr. Athearn says, that the feature the Y. M. C. A. gets the least from is the gymnasium, considering the expense in equipping and conducting them.

Smoke! This the patrons of the club houses can do to their hearts content.

Believing that candy gives the system what it craves and suppresses the appetite for drink. Mr. Athearns endeavors to sell candy to the men in large quantities.

What is the success financially? someone asks, perhaps. The houses do not pay interest on the investment; they pay running expenses. But they pay big interest in the good accomplished in the lives of the men.

No one can hear Mr. Athearn tell about it and fail to feel that it is work well worth while. It is to be hoped that what he dreams of—something similar for people of all occupations in our cities, may not be very far in the future. It would from considerable that is blighting in city life, free us.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S CANDIDACY.

We have read with regret the announcement of Theodore Roosevelt that he will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency at the convention in Chicago in June. If President Taft had not been in the field, and Mr. Roosevelt had yielded then to the solicitation of friends and admirers to state that he would accept a nomination he would have been nominated and would in all probability have been elected by a large majority over any man whom the Democratic party could have put up. But as it is, a feeling has been created against him that in our opinion cannot be overcome; and if he is nominated we look for his defeat at the polls.

Mr. Roosevelt has the interests of the country at heart. If he should be nominated and elected he will serve the people well. He storms more than Taft, but he doesn't accomplish any more. He will find the way hedged about more with difficulties than it was a few years ago. There is unrest everywhere—an unrest that Mr. Roosevelt's progressiveness will not quiet any more readily than President Taft's administration has quieted it. It is not merely a few trusts and the big interests that are being weighed in the balance of the people's minds, but the whole economic or industrial system. The nation, industrially, is in a maze, a labrynth, out of which no program that has as yet been suggested—in the judgment of men whose hearts are filled with the spirit of brotherhood—can lead it.

THE CONTEST IN SEATTLE.

It is significant that Hiram C. Gill, against whose system of organized vice, recognized graft, and special privilege, the people protested and recalled last year as mayor, is again on the ticket, having received at the recent primary 24,630 votes, nearly as many as the other two leading candidates combined, which were 14,231 and 12,669.

The candidates to be voted on next month for the mayoralty are accordingly Hiram C. Gill and George F. Cotterill. The Post-Intelligencer, the leading daily paper, which supported Mr. Parish, one of the defeated candidates, says editorially:

"Better George F. Cotterill, with his unbecoming conceit, his loquacity, his pessimistic fault-finding and all his isms, than Hiram C. Gill, with his avowed disrespect of law and his odious past!

"Better a whole wordy term of Cotterill than a few turbulent months of Gill!

"Putting back into office a man who failed so wretchedly and who stood for an order of things so intolerable is not a good business proposition. Seattle cannot afford to do it.

"Cotterill, at least, is clean and capable, and stands for decency."

Mr. Cotterill, since his nomination, states in a letter to the people:

"I have one 'ism' which embraces all worth while, 'to do unto others as I would have them do unto me,' to apply in government the Golden Rule instead of the rule of gold.

"I shall have one official guide, and one only—the will of the people expressed in due form of law. It would be as foreign to my nature to strive to enforce personal standards unsustained by law as to lower the law to the level of the law-breaker.

"I have no 'experiments' to initiate on Seattle save those which the people have ordered or may direct by their own deliberate discussion and lawful action.

"I have a municipal ideal—Greater Seattle, dedicated to progress and prosperity, justice and humanity. For that I shall ever labor, whether as mayor or as private citizen."

Mr. Cotterill received 14,231 votes at the primary; the man who stood next to him received 12,669. The Socialist candidate received 10,000. It seems as if there ought to be enough votes in this to defeat Mr. Gill whose chief of police, now serving in the penitentiary, indicates to considerable extent the character of his administration when mayor.

THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL AT HOME.

A correspondent of the British Congregationalist says that his drawing power is remarkable. "During his recent absence on holiday the pulpit at the City Temple has been occupied by front rank preachers; but there have been many empty pews. Last Sunday morning Mr. Campbell returned to his pulpit, and the City Temple was crowded. One had difficulty in obtaining a convenient seat, the only few available being situated at the back of the gallery. Mr. Campbell appeared to be in good health, and it is evident that his somewhat strenuous vacation has had no ill-effect upon him. He prefaced his discourse by a few words of acknowledgement of the cordial welcome he had received by his old City Temple friends. Words, he said, could not adequately express the satisfaction he felt at standing once more in his pulpit and looking into the face of his own congregation. He had been much impressed by the warmth of his welcome home."

The correspondent says that Mr. Campbell said little then about his American tour but announced that he would speak of it at some length at a meeting the next Thursday evening.

The sermon that Sunday morning was on "The Price of the Soul." In it mention was made of a spirit which he regards as a menace to our national future. We give elsewhere notes of that sermon as they appeared in the British Congregationalist.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

There are fifteen college and university graduates in the penitentiary at Walla Walla, Washington. It is stated that they are to be used in schools for the instruction of others less equipped educationally.

The sexton of the First Congregational Church of Oakland says that he believes in church bells, and would like to have one that could be heard from Goat Island to Piedmont. He wishes that the Oakland congregation might hear some of the splendid chime bells he was privileged to hear on his recent trip abroad. As to our Oakland church now he says: "At present we are practically neither having a bell, nor getting along without one. I doubt if twenty of the people who worship with us ever hear it."

In the manual of the Ballard Presbyterian Church, Seattle, of which the Rev. George H. Lee is pastor, we notice this statement: "Absent members should contribute here, as long as they are members." This is given as one of five important rules. Another one is: "Members who move away or fail in attendance should take church letter." All rules, of course, have their exceptions. But here are two things which, if made rules and observed so far as possible, would be found advantageous. Mr. Lee is one of the good gifts of Congregationalism to Presbyterianism. For something like 14 years he had Congregational pastorates in Oregon and Washington. He is an alumnus of Williams College and of Hartford Theological Seminary. We who know Mr. Lee intimately are hoping that this gift to Presbyterianism will prove finally to have been only a loan, and that we shall have his help and fellowship again Congregationally.

Last year the First Congregational Church of Oakland sent to its representative in the mission field, the Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick of Kyoto, Japan, a special gift of $500 for books and benevolences. Dr. Gulick wrote recently telling how the gift had been used. "With it have been aided two theological students, four pastors' sons and three pastors' daughters in the Doshisha and Kobe College, to the extent of $238.11. Seventy-two dollars and seventy-five cents have been contributed toward the erection of four new church buildings. A subscription for a copy of the new Encyclopedia Britanica cost $110.82. We have had at meals 160 students and professors and entertained for the evening some 90 others at a total cost of $97.63; $22.28 went for sundries, such as aid in the entertainment of a delegation of Korean pastors, special evangelistic work of the Japanese churches, etc."

"In Jee Gam's Country" was the caption of a note in the January number of the Missionary Herald, concerning the work in the South China field. The statement was that the yearly preachers' conference was held near the birthplace of the late Reverend Jee Gam, for many years associated with Dr. Pond in work for the Chinese in California. The further statement was: "One afternoon the company made a pilgrimage to the village of this distinguished Chinese Christian, who died last year on shipboard near Honolulu, and whose body was laid in the cemetery outside the East Gate of Canton. It was largely through his efforts that a suitable church building was secured for the town of Sz Kau Market, where the conference was held. It is a two-story building, with the top floor used for a boys' school, the first floor containing a preaching hall and parlor, as well as a kitchen and servants' quarters, the preacher and teachers having rooms on the second floor." And thus Jee Gam's influence goes ever on! And also that of Dr. Mooar to whose home is credited the inspiration first acquired by him toward the Christian life! And also that of Dr. Pond in association with whom Jee Gam's life was molded to considerable extent.

A letter from the Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick of Kyoto, Japan, recently, to the First Congregational Church of Oakland, began as follows: "Fellow Members in our Beloved Church, and Fellow Laborers in the Kingdom God is establishing on both sides of the Pacific." Dr. Gulick is building grandly in Japan, and all they who contribute to his support are fellow laborers in putting the Christian stamp on Japanese civilization. We quote from Dr. Gulick's letter in order to give wider knowledge of what Pacific Coast Congregationalism is in this one instance doing in the Orient: "My chief duty has been the continued instruction of the Doshisha Theological students in Systematic Theology and Christian Apologetics. Among the preparatory courses, I have carried the entering class through my Japanese book—published last November—on 'Modern Evolutionary Discussions.' My work in the Kyoto Imperial University has also been continued throughout the year. In the winter and spring were completed my year's course on the 'Development of the Religious Ideas of the Bible,' with a class of two. In September, with a class of six, I began my course of two hours a week for the coming year, on 'The Ecclesiastical, Doctrinal and Ethical Development of Christianity.' The students taking this coruse are Buddhists or Confucianists. It may be interesting to report that one of my graduates of last year (1910) is now Professor of the Science of Religion in one Buddhist college and Lecturer on the History of Christianity in another, while a second graduate is about to go to Oakland, California, as a missionary of the Shin Sect of Buddhism (Nishi Hongwanji). Dr. Gulick asks that an interest be taken in this man "so that

he may have opportunity to see Christianity at work in the home life of Christians, and in its social work, purifying and uplifting the social, political and economic relations of men." Dr. Gulick states that an important part of his year's work has been the completion of the translation of two valuable books on which he and his Japanese assistant have been working for three years. One, Prof. Bowne's "Personalism," has gone to press. The other is "Christian Theology in Outline" by Prof. Wm. A. Brown. Concerning these he says: "To both of these books I have provided appendices, fitting them, I hope, to the Japanese situation, and providing the background of thought which may be assumed by the writer for English readers, but needs explicit statement for Japanese readers. The first book is being published by the Methodist Publishing House and after much delay and anxiety arrangements have just been completed for the publication of the second by one of the most enterprising and best publishing houses in Japan—the Hakubunkwan. This is a significant event, meaning that this work on Christian Theology will be widely advertised and sold to the non-Christian but open-minded public." It is also worthy of note that Dr. Gulick has given lectures before the Imperial University Association and before the University Society of Hindoo Religion and Philosophy, on "Man's Place in the Universe from the Standpoint of Evolution," and on "The Scientific Study of Religion." All in all a great leavening influence is thus going out into all Japan.

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

Going to College.

Rev. Joseph Rowell.

Seventy years ago, in Cornish, N. H., a young man of eighteen asked his father to give him his time, that he might work his way through college. The father, a college-bred man, refused, saying the thing was impossible. The youth said no more, but worked for three years on his brother's farm, without wages, for the support of his parents, then worked on for five months more, through the summer days of about fifteen hours each, for fifteen dollars a month, and then, with seventy-five dollars in pocket, started on a ten years course of education. He started with three rules of conduct, viz., I will not be in debt, I will not accept charitable aid; I will give one-tenth of my gross income to the Lord's work. These rules were faithfully kept through the course.

He spent three years at Kimball Union Academy in Meriden, N. H., working all day, except recitation hours, doing all his studying at night, and sleeping four hours every night. His work was mostly garden and farm work at six and eight cents an hour. Some jobs paid better than this, e. g., clerking in a store, caring for the seculars of the girls' department of the Academy, and with the offal of their tables, boarding a hog (not himself). Vacations were given to farm work. For one three months he taught a district school (responding to earnest solicitation) where the large boys had for three successive winters broken up the school and buried their teachers in the snow. These boys behaved like gentlemen and studied like men.

He stood high in all his classes, and left the Academy with his seventy-five dollars more than doubled.

And now what college? He said, "Since I must hoe my own way I will have the best that is to be had; and so, turning away from nearby Dartmouth, then a small college, struggling for life, he headed for old Yale. Here, while expenses were greater, earning money was easier, and he indulged in five hours of sleep every night. The college wood yard gave him abundant profitable exercise, living in recitation rooms saved his room rent, he paid for his board by carrying at the table of a boarding house, spent leisure time in gardening and paper hanging, earned commissions on debt collections and a modest salary as chorister of a church choir, and thus met all his college expenses, and graduated with his money store more than doubled again.

At Union Theological Seminary, in New York, it was still easier to earn money, and he allowed himself six hours for sleep each night. Here for three years, except what he earned in vacations canvassing for subscribers for new books, he paid his way by vocal work. He had charge of the choir in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, and taught singing classes in other churches. His terms were no tuition but the whole class pledged to aid him in a concert at the end of the course. These concerts paid him much more than he could have got by charging for tuition. At graduation he had a fuller purse than when he began, and several hundred volumes of good books.

His experience showed that a young man, by hard work and much self denial, and without injury to his health, could go through a regular course of education in the best schools, not only without debt or loss to his friends, but with a steadily growing income.

THE PRICE OF THE SOUL.

From a Sermon by the Rev. R. J. Campbell in City Temple, London.

"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Mark 8:37.

This abrupt question raises more issues and penetrates far more deeply into the midst of our human existence than one would at first infer. It is not so often quoted as the complementary question which precedes it: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" But of the two sayings this is the profounder, though it is true that they are closely inter-related.

The translators of 1881 have consistently translated the Greek word rendered "life" two verses before, and rendered "soul" in the Authorized version of our text. But we should bear in mind that the "life" here spoken of is not mere animal existence. It is the essential man, the spiritual being, our fundamental self.

A Costly Greatness.

But for the moment, and for the sake of illustration, let us confine our use of the word "life" to the purely physical plane. What would you say of a man who should set himself to gain a certain success on the clear understanding that as soon as he got it he had to die? Would it be worth anybody's while to obtain the highest things the world could give if the price for these were death? Would you be content to pay it? Hardly, if you knew what you were doing.

In ancient Mexico, before the advent of Christopher Columbus and the Spanish conquerors, there was a strange custom connected with the great historical religious festivals of that semi-civilized folk. A young man used to be selected from the flower of the race as a victim destined to be sacrificed to the gods—the crowning event in a long series of ceremonies. For a whole year that young man

was the idol of the community, the most honored figure in every assembly, taking precedence of the highest dignitaries in the land. He had no wish that was not immediately gratified. Wherever he appeared crowds gathered to pay him reverence. He was clothed in the richest garments, was followed by a large retinue of servants, who waited upon him; he was lodged in a palace and surfeited in luxuries. Everything that could be done for him was done, and no potentate could have received more deference during that one year.

But on the last day of the year he was carried forth, the whole country making fete, to the foot of a lofty tower, at the top of which was an altar of sacrifice. The procession began to ascend the winding stairs, which led to that dreadful goal, and the poor youth had to strip off one by one all his gorgeous trappings until at the final stage of the ascent, alone and unadorned, he entered the sacrificial chamber, where surrounded by black drapery, the priests stood silently waiting to bind him and drain away his life-blood.

One cannot imagine that those twelve months of anticipation could have been very happy ones, or the thought that he was chosen for a position higher by far than any any one that would be possible to his contemporaries of his own age and race. He had gained the highest, the fullest honor which was possible to anybody in the world, but it had cost him life itself.

Suppose that young man had been born to this distinction, and had known all along that his life would end on a certain day and in a certain way, but that until then he was free to enjoy the best that earth could afford without stint; and suppose, also, that he could, if he chose, exchange all these dignities and honors for the sake of living through his natural term, or having the chance of doing so like other people, I think he would have long before have shown that he was prepared to barter all these things for his life.

Thisinstinctive clinging to life is a curious but indubitable fact. Curious, especially when we consider how hard life is at the best for the majority of people. One is glad to acknowledge that there are circumstances in which the average man would be nobly willing to lay down his life—sometimes for a loved one, sometimes for a comrade, sometimes for the sake of a great ideal or in the service of a high duty. But it is quite certain that no right-minded person has ever yet preferred mere worldly wealth and personal prominence to life itself. The thing we gain at the price is too utterly mean, too contemptible, to be worthy of serious consideration.

Sacrificing of Soul to Sense.

But now let us give that word "life" that larger meaning which we possess in the text. Let us see if we have not frequently been guilty of this very thing. This mere earthly existence is a small matter compared with the quality of that life in relation to its eternal destiny. Mere going on is comparatively negligible when contrasted with the question as to what it is that is going on. Practically all of us would choose life rather than worldly goods, if it came to a pinch. But what are we choosing after all? If the value of life ought, properly speaking, to be measured in terms of the soul, the great majority of us are making but a poor thing of it day by day. We are bartering sacred things for secular, the solid for the ephemeral, realities for appearances. Our Lord Jesus Christ has taught us that this world is but the training-ground for the soul. That is why we are in it; and from this standpoint what a poor and miserable affair many of us are making of life. We are continually sacrificing soul to sense, instead of making sense minister to soul.

The fact becomes all the more serious when once we realize that the soul is not our own to begin with. It has to be won in the light of Jesus Christ; and to this end we are necessarily bound to pay the price of a thorough-going surrender of everything inconsistent with or antagonistic to this supreme obligatory endeavor. We are not masters of the soul. No man is in possession of his own soul, until he sees it in the light of the eternal and beholds it in the radiance of God. The one great thing that we have individually to do in life is to find and possess our souls, and this we cannot do apart from the saving grace of God. No man has yet found himself whose interests are mainly on a material level, and whose thoughts are engrossed with the things of this world. He is only a higher kind of animal, untouched by the sense of the eternal.

The Infinite Value of the Soul.

But the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them, fade into insignificance before the infinite value of one single human soul. Any value that this world possesses is but as the scaffolding of the spiritual building that is to be. I understand now what John Henry Newman meant when he said in his "Apologia" that when he came to the great crisis of his life, when he wrote "Lead, kindly Light," as he stood between the Church of England and Rome, the great immediate object of his quest was only to know how to save his soul. The first of all questions is, "What must I do to be saved?" Until that question finds an answer, life has not been reached.

How is the world today facing that question? You have only to look around and you will see. My recent visit to America has made plain to me the nature and direction of some of the characteristics and tendencies of our time, which are more accentuated in the new world than in the old. But they belong to both. In the mad race for money, the scramble to excel one's fellows, the cruel competition between man and man for the possession of worldly goods, the claims of the soul are apt to be ignored or trampled upon. Again and again in the course of my travels I was in the company of men whose own personal quality could be summed up in one word, soullessness. It was plain to see that men of this sort lived for nothing, thought of nothing, wrought for nothing but dollars. Spiritual susceptibilities they had none. All their ideas were materialistic, utilitaran. I do not speak of Amercan people as a whole. I am merely recording a spirit, which is so widespread among them and exercising an influence so great as to be a menace to their national future.

And, more or less, the same temper of mind is observable throughout Christendom, though in older countries it expresses itself in some other forms than the tireless pursuit of money. American worldliness has to be associated with money-getting. There is nothing else that it can be associated with. In England, and in Europe generally, we find some alternative modes of gratifying self. Persistent idleness, pride of place, cynical indifference to the claims of the commonwealth, systematic and contemptous negation of everything in the nature of ideals, are sufficiently common amongst us to warn us against feeling any undue superiority over our neighbors. I say this in glad recognition of the fact that in both continents there is a vast amount of unselfish zeal in the cause of human betterment, and that purer conception of individual duty and of social well-being.

But may I press upon you, in the name of Christ, this

one question, What are you prepared to give in exchange for your souls? Put the conventional away and face the thing on the raw. Are you capable of understanding what the question means? I am realizing more and more myself every day the all-importance of this one definite issue. Are we finding our souls, or are we not? Have you found yours? Are you a good man, a spiritually-minded man? Are you trying to walk with God, or are all your gains and pleasures, all your satisfactions derived only from the things of this world?

When I say a good man, I mean something more than ordinary uprightness; but certainly I do not mean a goodness which we can regard as self-conscious and complacent. That is the deadly-nightshade, the miasma of the religious life. What way do you look? Are you striving with all your might to live in the terms of sonship to God in Jesus Christ our Lord. Is there anything high-toned in your desires and aspirations? Which way do your desires run? What arouses most feeling in you? What style of man are your daily endeavors and aspirations making of you? On what plane do your interests really move? Does holiness mean anything to you? Would you before all things prepare to have done for ever with what you know to be false and foreign, to be conformed to the likeness of Christ? Then you are seeking your soul.

But you cannot find it alone. That is a task for which human wisdom and strength are quite insufficient. The Christ Eternal will put you in possession of your soul. He will cleanse it from all iniquities and will sanctify it by the blessed spirit of eternal love.

The Price Must be Paid.

If you have a part in that redemptive process you have to give something in exchange for this precious gift. This world and all vanities must go. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." All selfish purpose must be renounced. All evil affections crucified. If there are things in your life that have come between you and God, have done with them. "He that sinneth against Me wrongeth his own soul." Yield anything but your soul.

If you have any stubborn sin in your heart, any evil indulgence, any wrongful habit for which you are making excuses to yourself, see it and acknowledge it for what it is. Get rid of it at once. So long as you consent to keep it there you are withholding from the Lord the price of your soul. Give him all, for all He must have, and will be satisfied with nothing less. Have nothing in your life which you cannot consecrate to Him. Lose your whole being. Lose your very soul to Him, and it will be given back to you enriched and purified and illuminated with the grace of God.

"Jesus the Son of God or Primitive Christology," By Benjamin Wisner Bacon.—All who had the privilege of hearing Professor Benjamin W. Bacon's lectures while he was on the Pacific Coast last fall will welcome the announcement of a work which he has just published, "Jesus the Son of God." Professor Bacon declares that to Jesus this title was purely religious and ethical, not metaphysical. Jesus lived at a time when the poor man, the unlettered, the ordinary artisan, and father of a family saw himself under the odious and hypercritical tyranny of the Pharisees gradually excluded from all share in the world to come. Like a trustee for an orphan defrauded of his inheritance, Jesus demanded restoration to the "little ones" of their rightful share in Israel's spiritual heritage. They too were children of God. Not in order to express his own separation from mankind, but for the sake of his little flock Jesus claimed the right to be called the Son of God, for them he defended the title with his life. He is the Son of God and all who do God's will are his brothers and sisters. The last chapter on the Christology of Peter is particularly interesting. Professor Bacon points out how the disciples in their conception of Jesus passed over from the idea of a Jewish Messiah to that of a Christian Christ. The change was affected already, he thinks, in the mind of Peter before the conversion of Paul. Nor was it a departure from the teaching of Jesus himself, it was rather the deep influence of Jesus' morally and religiously ideal life and heroic death filling with new content the old Jewish category. The Peter, who at Cesarea Philippi refused to believe that the glory of the Christ would not be as the glory of men, saw a new light, and, as Paul afterward put it, he no longer knew "Christ after the flesh" but the Son of God whose sonship meant likeness of disposition and purpose to the Father. Professor Bacon closes his book with the significant statement, "The ultimate author of our Christology is Jesus himself." (Yale University Press, $1.25.)

ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

This is the road to Happiness:
Start Now, from Where You Are;
"Turn to the right and keep straight on,"
And you'll not find it far.

Along the Path of Willing Feet
And over Heartsease Hill,
Across the fields of Sweet Content,
The stream of Glad Good Will;
Then through the lane of Loving Heart,
The gate that's called Today,
And down the steps of Little Things
Into the Common Way.

And take the Cloak of Charity,
The staff of Wise Employ,
A loaf of Bread of Daily Grace,
A flask well filled with Joy;
A word of cheer, a helping hand,
Some good to give or share,
A bit of song, a high resolve,
A hope, a smile, a prayer.

And in the Place of Duty Done,
Beside the Door of Home,
You'll find the House of Happiness—
For Happiness does not roam.

—Annie Johnson Flint.

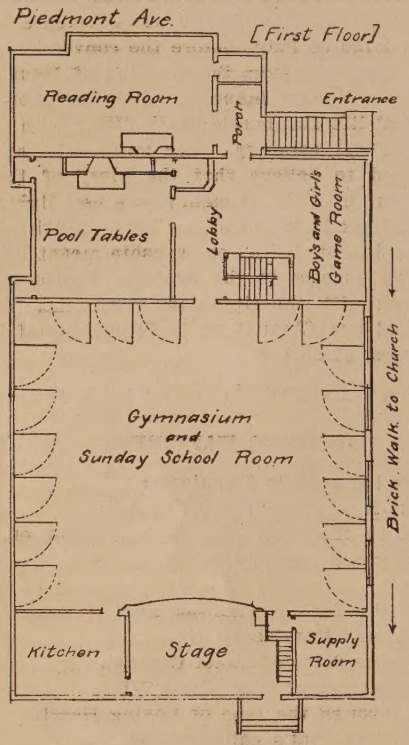
Work is the fresh air of the soul!
It clears the heavy brain,
Quickens the pulses of the mind,
Warms thought to action, and the blind
And sluggish will sunk into ease
Of ineffective lethargies
It stirs to life again. —Susan Coolidge.

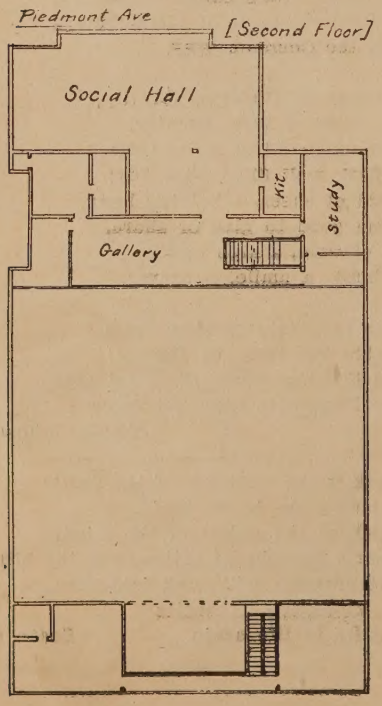
DEDICATION OF PLYMOUTH CENTER.
Oakland, California.

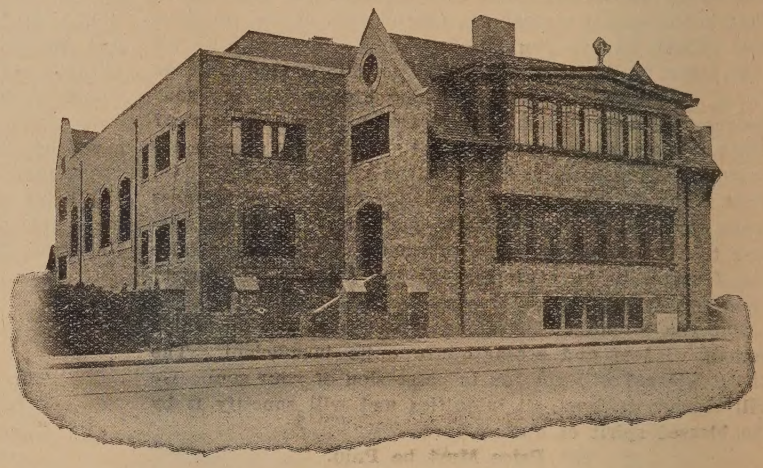
Last week marked an epoch in the life of Plymouth Church, Oakland. The new building known as Plymouth Center, which has been constructed and equipped at a cost of $27,000, and paid for, was dedicated. Beginning on Monday night the services of dedication continued through to Friday night, the attendance growing larger each evening.

Monday evening the dedicatory sermon was given by the Rev. Herbert A. Jump of the First Congregational Church, the text being from the gospel according to Mark, "Go ye out into all the world."

The thought was that the church must not become domesticated; that aggressiveness is demanded. The command is to go out. And to be true to its mission the Christian Church must be a moral and spiritual army of invasion. It must, among other things, make itself felt in the life of the man on the street. Mr. Jump's judgment is that the Church has not prosecuted as brilliant a campaign as could be wished, and that it can renew its strength and its hold in the world only as it comes back to apostolic ways; and by concrete social service commends itself to

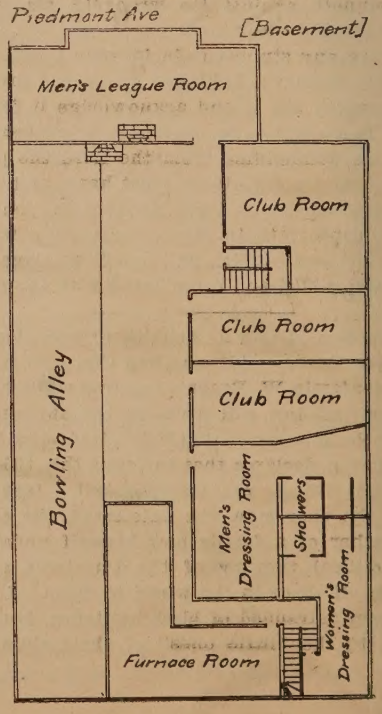






Plymouth Center.

mankind. The average man knows nothing about the mysteries of the Logos, and is not caring for expositions thereon; but he is concerned with questions which make for life. The church of the Pharisees in Christ's time was looking



backward and he condemned it and broke away from it. And the call today is to go—to grasp men, grip them by every persuasive influence and power, and lift them into the life abundant, into the eternal life which is here and now as well as hereafter.

During the evening Mr. Jump gave a practical illustration of the thought of his sermon by taking membership in Plymouth Center, and paying therefor the yearly fee of $2.50.

The Rev. Albert W. Palmer, the pastor, under whose able and gracious leadership Plymouth has been led to this achievement told the story of the effort to get the money pledged for the enterprise and how all that our eyes looked on that evening had grown out of the request of a boy to be allowed to have jumping in the basement of the church. Of course with a man of Mr. Palmer's ideals the boys had only to ask for such a thing as that to get it. And so step by step the scope of the work that needed to be done in that part of Oakland unfolded. With the need seen for such a building as Plymouth Center came the spirit which put it there adjacent to the church, and gave that people and pastor a great and enlarged opportunity to shape the life of Oakland.

Plymouth Center is designed to rended a double service to the commnuity:

It is to be a Sunday-school building providing for the important work of religious education—teaching the truths of Christian life and conduct as set forth in the Bible and in the great men and movements of Christian history.

It is to be, during the week, a Christian club-house ministering to the social and athletic needs of young people in a sane and wholesome way. Thus, instead of being idle, the building is rendering useful service all the week.

It will be in operation every day from 3 p. m. to 10 p. m. There is an attractive reading room and a game room for boys and girls, which are free to all. There is a bowling alley and there are pool tables, which can be used at a small charge.

The gymnasium is reserved for young women one evening each week and for girls two afternoons; for classes of young men four evenings, and for boys three afternoons a week. Gymnasium work will be under competent instruction.

The gymnasium is arranged so as to be used as an auditorium and is provided with a stage and a well-equipped kitchen. Public lectures, entertainments and mass meetings will be held there.

The social hall, with a small kitchen attached, is available for socials and meetings of any clubs and societies that may apply for its use. The week-day kindergarten meets here every morning, the senior department of the Sunday-school Sunday morning and the Young People's meeting Sunday evenings. The woman's club occupies the social hall the first and third Thursday afternoons of each month, and the mid-week meeting of the Church is held here every Wednesday evening.

In the dedicatory service, as read by the pastor with responses by the people, the building was dedicated—

To the glory of God our Father; to the honor of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior; to the praise of the Holy Spirit our source of light and peace;

for the work of religious education, the teaching of the truths of life and conduct revealed in the Bible and in the lives of all the saints and heroes of the world;

for making beautiful and strong the bodies of boys and girls and for making their hearts glad and their thoughts pure;

for the playing of games, the promotion of true sportsmanship, the love of clean athletics, the development of the spirit of fair play, the ability to lose bravely and without complaint, the willingness to sacrifice indvdual glory that the team may play better;

for the building of character, the training of the religious life, the quickening of spiritual aspirations, the sharing of joys and ideals and experience in the school of Christ;

for the promotion of patriotism, the realization of brotherhood, the awakening of the civic conscience, the building of a better civilization of brotherly men.

The dedication prayer was by the Rev. Roy H. Campbell of Palo Alto; the scripture reading by Prof. Castor of Pacific Theological Semniary; the invocation by Superintendent Fisher of the Sunday-school and Publishing Society; the benediction by a brother pastor, Mr. Lawson of Pilgrim Church.

Many ministers from about the bay were in attendance, for as President Nash aptly said in giving the greetings of the Congregational fellowship, Plymouth Center is regarded as a great asset for Congregationalism.

Monday evening five representative laymen from the First Congregational Church of Oakland brought greetings and congratulations from the Mother Church.

Wednesday night, designated "Labor Night," the men who worked on the building were the guests of honor. That night there was a stereopticon lecture.

Thursday night President Jordan of Stanford spoke to a crowded house on "The Call of the Twentieth Century." That was "Social Service Night" and greetings were brought by the Mayor, Hon. Frank K. Mott, Rev. Clifton Macon of Trinity Episcopal Church in behalf of the other churches of the city, Mr. R. S. Wheeler, principal of the Piedmont School, Mr. George E. Dickie, Supt. of Playgrounds, and Miss Beatrice McCall, Probation Officer of the Juvenile Court.

A DEFINITION OF HEAVEN.

"Dr. Van Dyke gives the following definition of heaven: Heaven is like the life of Jesus with all the conflict of human sin left out. Heaven is like the feeding of the multitude in the wilderness, with everybody sure to get ample to eat. Heaven is like the woman sinner from the street who bathed the feet of Jesus in her tears and wiped them with her hair. I do not want to know more than that. It is peace, joy, victory, triumph—it is life. It is love, it is tireless work—faithful and unselfish service going on forever. The way to achieve all this is to try to follow Christ today, tomorrow, and the day after, through prayer and right living."

But only he whose judgment never strays
Beyond the threshold of the right, learn this—
Not always is it good to have one's wish;
What seemeth sweet full oft to bitter turns;
Fulfilled desire hath made mine eyes to weep.
Therefore, O reader of these lines, if thou
Wouldst virtuous be and held by others dear
Will ever for the power do aright.

—Leonardo da Vinci.

Pride, impatience and self-will have caused the ruin of more lives than any other sins.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Oakland, Ward Memorial.—The address of Rev. E. Hoskins, the pastor, is Oakland R. D. 1, Box 233.

San Luis Obispo.—The Rev. B. F. Boller has presented his resignation as pastor, asking that it take effect the last Sunday in March.

Oakland, Olivet.—Six new members recently received, brings the total enrollment up to thirty-five. The Sunday-school enrollment is eighty-seven, with an average of about eighty. This is the newly organized work in the Rock Ridge district.

Los Angeles West End.—In the last fourteen months 24 persons have been received into membership and the congregations have increased two and a half times. Mr. Hartshorn, who is pastor, says that it is a pleasure to work in this growing, developing field.

El Verano.—A Sunday-school was organized here Jan. 28 with an attendance of twenty. The following Sunday fifteen new members appeared; and the next Sunday thirteen more. Last Sunday there was an attendance of fifty-five. Preaching service was conducted by the Rev. N. Evanson, of Berkeley.

Oroville.—The poung people of the church rendered the interesting and amusing cantata, "Jack and the Baked Bean Stalk," last week, and afterwards served baked beans to the hungry audience whose appetites had been sharpened by tantalizing odors and suggestions in the play. The proceeds help swell the new church building fund.

Ferndale.—Rev. K. K. Clark has been pastor of the Ferndale church since last July. The church is progressing nicely. Mr. Clark is a vigorous and interesting preacher. The church membership is, as always, loyal. The Ladies' League of the church is a power in itself. It is hoped that the near future may see some much needed additions to the church for Sunday-school and social purposes.

Paradise.—The substantial progress of the Paradise church is a great delight. The church is steadily growing. Its Sunday-school is of good quality and size. The young people's society is one of the brightest and most vigorous in the state. The congregations are large considering the size of the town. The music furnished by the efficient choir is sweet and of fine quality. Any pastor should be proud to have such a charge, and Rev. L. W. Winslow evidently is. The progress of the church here and its influence is a good illustration of the value of the assistance rendered by our denominational societies.

San Francisco, Mission.—During the past month the Mission Congregational Church, San Francisco, has been preparing itself for the arrival of its expected pastor, Rev. George Lawton. Mr. Marshall Dawson, a senior student in the Pacific Theological Seminary, was placed in charge as acting pastor. A series of services was announced, as a result of which there has been a continuously increasing attendance, registering, each Sunday, a higher number than that for the preceding one, and a total gain, for the month, of fifty per cent over the attendance of the preceding months. With two more weeks of the "get together" services still ahead, further gains are expected.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eells of Tacoma passed through San Francisco one day this week on their way to Pacific Grove, where they expect to be for the next three months.

The Rev. R. Cherington of Porterville was in the bay cities for a brief visit the past week. He reports the work quite encouraging at Porterville now that the burden of debt has been removed.

Next Monday the address or paper at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be by the Rev. Walter Frear unless in the meantime one of the workers in the Men and Religion Movement should be secured. If Mr. Frear speaks it will be to tell the story of the splendid work done in the State Home in Sonoma county. It is something concerning which all should have knowledge. Mr. Frear has been a director for several years.
PACIFIC

WASHINGTON LETTER.

By Samuel Greene.

Pilgrim Congregational church of Anacortes, Rev. James D. Hudson pastor, has had a year of splendid success and growth from the coming of the present minister. At the annual meeting the reports showed that the apportionment to the Benevolent Societies had been paid in full by its members. About two hundred dollars had been paid for improvements of the church property and toward the pastors salary about double the amount that had been paid during any previous year.

The membership of the church has increased from 32 to 55 or nearly seventy-five per cent. Twenty-one of those received are adults, only three of which came by letter. The attendance at Sunday-school, Christian Endeavor, as well as at the more public worship has doubled, with apparent good interest in each.

The pastor's salary was increased by $100 and at Christmas the Endeavorers and others presented the pastor and his wife a purse of $30. A teacher's training class has been organized which meets regularly on Friday evenings.

The young men and boys have organized an athletic club and while not connected with the church they think so much of the minister that they made him president.

At this writing all the churches of Seattle are greatly stirred by the expert representatives of The Men and Religion Forward Movement. These men are of national renown, the personnel consisting of Fred B. Smith of New York, the originator of the plan; Dr. C. A. Barbour of New York, Team Leader; Dr. David Russell of South Africa, Expert on Evangelism; John M. Dean of Seattle, Expert on Community Extension; Wm. A. Brown of Chicago, Expert on Bible Study; John L. Alexander of New York, Expert on Boys' Work; John M. Moore of Boston, Expert on Missions; Raymond Bobbins of Chicago, Expert on Social Service and Rev. Robert T. Moore of Brooklyn, Special Preacher.

These men are holding meetings and institutes in the various districts of the city, morning, afternoon and eve-

ning, each service having a large and greatly interested attendance. Many pastors and laymen are present from the outside towns and cities, while the one hundred men of the committee of the locality, in co-operation with these pastors of the smaller communities, are expected to go hence with a similar message to the men of all the region roundabout.

May each pastor, church clerks, and all interested readers of these Washington letters send this correspondent such local items as may be of interest to the church and community at the address below.

4039 Whitman Ave., Seattle.

OREGON LETTER.

George H. Himes.

Riverside Church, Hood River, will have its new stone edifice ready to occupy in a few months. The writer went through it a few days ago, with the pastor, Rev. Edward A. Harris. The building stone used in construction was quarried within less than a mile from the site of the church, and is of the most durable quality. The location is central and commanding. In the subdivisions of the building care has been taken to provide ample space for the Sunday-school and the work of young people. The equipment of the new building will be modern in all respects. Mr. Harris came to Oregon from Streator, Illinois, and is now in his second year of service. At first he was not greatly impressed with the possibilities and surroundings of this church, but very soon, after outlining what he conceived to be a much needed plan of work in order to keep pace with the material development of the city and surrounding country, he met with a most gratifying response, and since then he has been cordially and cheerfully supported in every move that has been made towards the betterment of local conditions. When this church is finished it will rank among the best in the State. The next State Conference will be held here in October next.

The annual meeting of the Congregational City Missionary Society was held with the Hassalo Street Church last Tuesday evening. The report of the City Missionary, Rev. D. B. Gray, D. D., was encouraging and indicated that two new churches had been organized during the year—Atkinson Memorial and Waverleigh Heights—both of which have permanent homes, and are increasing in influence. Mr. Austin Burwell, of Seattle, President of the Congregational Church Extension Society of that city, made an address, giving numerous reasons why the church should realize its responsibility to the city.

For the last two Thursday evenings the prayer meetings of the Oregon City Congregational Church have been varied to a considerable extent by giving a large place to reminiscences of the early days of the church from the date of organization—May 25, 1844—up to within ten years of the present date. In these references were made to the organization by three members and every pastor since, and to those who had passed away and the influence they had exerted while connected with this church, and also to those who had removed to other churches and their influence there. Both meetings were very interesting as well as profitable. Your correspondent was present at the last one, and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Edward T. Hatch, a son of Deacon Peter H. Hatch, one of three founders of the church, whose Christian life began here.

From the interest manifested on the occasions referred to it is believed that other churches throughout the country would find it wise to pursue the same plan once a year—have a kind of a "home coming" evening, perhaps.

Portland, February 25, 1912.

A WORD TO THE PASTORS AND CHURCHES OF OREGON.

The Circuit Court of Multonomah County some time since pronounced the state Sunday law as unconstitutional. As the case was not carried up to the Supreme Court the law is still upon the Statutes. But in all probability the lower court was correct in its opinion. At any rate the law is not worth contending for. It is practically a dead letter. What shall be done about it?

Two courses are open to the people. Either to let matters drift as they are now doing from bad to worse and worse still until the Continental Sunday is fully established, or to enact by an initiative vote a new law and one worthy of the state. The Lord's Day Alilance of the Pacific Coast stands ready to lead off in the work whenever the pastors and churches speak the word and promise hearty co-operation. In the meantime we shall continue to create sentiment in favor of such a law by public addresses and the circulation of Sabbath literature. If the men will give the ballot to the women at the fall election, with their help we shall be able to poll a majority vote for a much better law than we could hope to pass at the present time. With the help of the women we expect to succeed this fall in California.

G. L. TUFTS,
Supt. Lord's Day Alliance.

The Home.

SUPPOSE.

If all that we say
In a single day,
With never a word left out,
Were printed each night
In clear black and white,
'Twould prove queer reading, no doubt.

And then just suppose
Ere one's eyes he could close,
He must read the day's record through,
Then wouldn't one sigh,
And wouldn't he try
A great deal less talking to do?

And I more than half think
That many a kink
Would be smothered in life's tangled thread,
If one half that we say
In a single day
Were left forever unsaid.

—Grace W. Castle.

THE RELATION OF FATHERS AND MOTHERS TO THE CHILDREN AT THE ADOLESCENT PERIOD.

With the coming of adolescence fathers and mothers must quicken their pace or they will fall behind and lose the companionship of their boys and girls. "It is the very

rare mother," says Lilburn Merrill, "who has a vital controling influence in her boy's life after he becomes twelve or fourteen years of age. His love continues just as intense, but the companionship becomes less intimate. "How is it" laments one mother, "that I have lost my boy?" The lad was mother's boy all right up to a certain age, then the mother lost him. As for the boy he had to simply break away into a larger life and into other companionships; it was his nature and he could not help it. It is just what mothers ought to expect, and they ought to be prepared for it. Your boy is not lost, anxious mother; he will come back to you and all the more frequently if you stop lamenting and put yourself into full-hearted sympathy with his new interests. Mothers have sometimes kept abreast of their boys' studies even to the end of their college course. All could not do this, nor is it always needed. But it is always possible to keep wihin hailing distance at least of the boy in his ever-widening interests—in his games, work, study, friendships, plans and ambitions. While father and mother seek thus to keep in touch and sympathy with the fast-developing son or daughter, so as not to lose the possibility of confidential talks now and then, after all it is inevitable, and doubtless it is best, that the boy or girl should take upon themselves very largely to direct their own lives. And the wisest way very often is to simply let them alone. Nagging never does anything but harm, sarcasm and ridicule are seldom any good, too much good advice is wearisome and a waste, and personal authority and corporal punishment often arouse only irritation and antagonisms. The parent must be a skillful pilot if he would navigate safely the rock-strewn rapids of adolescense, and bring his charges unharmed down to the deeper, smoother waters. It is one great comfort that the boys and girls can never go beyond the reach of love, or of prayer, or of the mighty Holy Spirit of God.

The mother of Phillips Brooks, of whom Dr. Wayland said, "If ever there was a successful mother, she was the mother of Phillips Brooks and his splendid brother," wrote to an anxious mother as follows:—"There is an age when it is not well to follow or question your boy too closely. Up to that time you may carefully instruct and direct him; you are his best friend; he is never happy unless the story of the day has been told; you must hear about his friends, his school; all that interests him must be your interest. Suddenly these confidences cease; the affectionate son becomes reserved and silent, he seeks the intimate friendship of other lads, he goes out, he is averse to telling you how long he will be gone. He comes in and goes silently to his room. All this is a startling change to the mother, but it is also her opportunity to practice wisdom by loving and praying for and absolutely trusting her son. The faithful instruction and careful training during the earlier years the son can never forget; that is impossible. Therefore trust not only your heavenly Father but trust your son. The period of which I speak appears to me to be the one in which the boy dies and the man is born; his individuality rises up before him, and he is dazed and almost overwhelmed by the first consciousness of himself. I have always believed that it was then that the Creator was speaking with my sons, and that it was good for their souls to be left alone with Him, while I, their mother, stood trembling, praying, and waiting, knowing that when the man was developed from the boy I should have my sons again, and there would be a deeper sympathy than ever between us."
—From "Religious Education in the Home." by John D. Folsom.

LOOKING FOR THE BEST.

Everything that one does in life has a reaction, an echo, which either applauds or condemns the deed, and is ever afterward a perpetual reminder of nobility or baseness. Wherever you are, you will hear the echoes of the deeds that you have done. Whether pleasant or disagreeable, they will be continually coming back to you in memory waves, and will tend to make you happy or miserable.

If you have said a kind word that helped to lift a life out of an uncongenial environment, of you have aroused the embers of an ambition that had been slumbering for years, and which would have gone out in darkness but for you fanning them into living flame, then will this sweet echo speak to you. "Scatter your flowers as you go, for you will never go over the same road again."

If on the contrary, you kept the flowers which you should have given to the living for the dead, spared the kindly word of praise and admiration, or the expressions of love, until the ears which they would have g'addened were deaf in death, then will obnoxious echoes of condemnation haunt you. Tears and flowers at a funeral do not atone for wasted opportunities to scatter brightness or show love.

Every thought or deed sends back an echo like itself. If we have been thoughtful and generous, sympathetic and kind, always considerate, we shall hear echoes that will uplift, encourage, and satisfy. If we have been mean and contemptible, vicious, narrow, indolent, we shall hear echoes repeat the voices which gave them birth.

One of the greatest lessons in life is to learn to take people at their best, not their worst; to look for the divine, not the human, in them; the beautiful, not the ugly; the bright, not the dark; the straight, not the crooked side.

A habit of looking for the best in everybody, and of saying kindly instead of unkindly things about them, strengthens the character, elevates the ideals, and tends to produce happiness. It also helps to create friends. We like to be with those who see the divine side of us, who see our possibilities, who do not dwell upon the dark side of our life, but upon the bright side. This is the office of a true friend, to help us discover our noblest selves.

We all know people who never add anything to our fun, our information, our happiness, or our comfort. They are always trying to get something from us without giving anything in return. They are sponges that absorb, but give nothing back. When they leave us, we have a minus feeling, a consciousness of having lost something. On the other hand, we know people who always give more than they take from us; they are resourceful, suggestive, helpful; everything increases under their touch, for they are not trying to see how much they can get, but, instead, to give us something. They are optimists; they turn the best side of themselves to us, say pleasant things, and are helpful in their intercourse. They do not try to drain us dry; we have a plus feeling when they depart, a consciousness of having found something; they seem to leave a part of themselves with us. Like the rose, they bestow their fragrance and

their beauty for us to think about after they have gone. Everybody loves the man or woman who leaves something behind—a pleasant memory, a helpful suggestion, or kind word. Nobody cares for the absorbent people who get everything they can and give nothing.

How little are men conscious of the influence that goes out from them in the hurry of active life. What makes one more uncomfortable than the attempt to stop in the street a man who is invariably in a rush, never has leisure, and always gives you the impression that he is late for a train. Every muscle or lineament of his face indicates haste; and, when you leave him, he makes you feel like a thief for stealing his valuable minutes. He holds his watch in his hand; he edges away from you, and tries to show you in every possible way the immense value of his time. He seems to think it is a sin to move at moderate speed.

The student who is never seen on the playground, but grinds and grinds away in his room when others are at their recreation, is often outdistanced in real life by the boy who learned to study while he studied, and play while he played; and he has occasion many times in his life to envy the man with a strong, sturdy physique and robust health, whom he reprimanded for wasting his time in play at school.

It is pitiable to see people on the street cars, in our large cities, who are so impatient of a moments time that they are keyed up to concert pitch and ready to jump at any minute. All seem in a hurry. They do not take time to sit comfortably, but are on the alert, with every muscle on the strain, and can't even wait until the car gets to its stopping place. They get on and off the car while it is in motion. There is no repose or restful ease in their lives. Such people never have learned the lesson that leisure is as useful to humanity as activity.

People who are always in such a hurry, fretting and fuming lest they should lose a moment, are nearly always superficial. They have very little reserve in their lives, no balance, and never carry great weight. They are like the waves on the top of the ocean, lashed into fury and foam by the storm, compared with the great silent power and reserve of the depths beneath, which no agitation ever fuffiles.

Strong characters are calm and deliberate. They can hurry in an emergency, but they almost invariably avoid emergencies by forethought.

THE MAN IN THE HOME.

A sunshiny husband makes a merry, beautiful home, worth having, worth working for. If a man is breezy, cheery, considerate, and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over her puddings and her mending basket, counts the hours until he returns at night, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration. You may tink it weak and childish, if you please, but it is the admired wife, who hears words of praise and receives smiles of commendation, who is capable, discreet, and executive. I have seen a timid, meek, self-distrusting little body fairly bloom into a strong, self-reliant womanhood under the tonic and the cordial companionship with a husband who really went out of his way to find occasion for showing her how fully he trusted her judgment, and how tenderly he deferred to her opinion.

In home life there should be no jar, no striving for place, no insisting on prerogatives or division of interest. The husband and the wfe are each the complement of the other. And it is just as much his duty to be cheerful as it is hers to be patient; his right to bring joy into the door as it is hers to garnish the pleasant interior. A family where the daily walk of the father makes life a festival is filled with something like heavenly benediction.—Ex.

A CONUNDRUM.

"Why is a woman like an umbrella?" asked the exchange editor.

"Because she is made of ribs and attached to a stick," replied the information editor. "Why is—"

"Wrong, guess again."

"Because she always has to be shut up when—"

"Naw! You fatigue me."

"Because she stands in the hall, and—"

"Naw! its nothing about standing in the hall."

"A woman is like an umbrella because nobody ever gets the right one. Why is—"

"Ring off. That isn't the answer either."

"Its a better one than you've got."

"Don't you reckon I know whether it is or not? Whose conundrum is this, yours or mine?"

"Well, she's like an umbrella because—It isn't because she fades with age is it?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am. Is it because you have to put up when it's cloudy and threatening—no that can't be it. Because she's a good thing to have in the house. Why is—"

"You're not within four counties of it."

"Because you can't find any pocket in either. Why is—"

"No choice. Vote again."

"I won't. A woman isn't like an umbrella. There is not the slightest resemblance. You go on with your work and let me alone."

"I knew you couldn't guess it. It's because she's accumstomed to reign."

Then the information editor rose in his wrath and they were only prevented from doing mischief to each other by prompt—and wholly unexpected—work on the part of the labor editor.—Chicago Tribune.

A FATHER'S LOVE.

A little incident which beautifully illustrated the words of David, spoken so long ago, came under my notice recently. It so impressed and comforted me that I want to pass it on.

We were seated round the tea table in my friend's pleasant home, when it seems the little daughter reached to help herself with undue haste. Her father reproved her, and it must have been very gently, for there was not any interruption in the cheerful conversation. But a lady seated by the child's side told me afterward that Jennie's eyes filled with tears, and she slipped quietly away from the table. But I did notice Mr. H——, excusing himself and also leaving the room.

Immediately after tea I had occasion to visit the adjoining sitting room, where I found the little one nestled in her father's strong arms, the tears still falling from the

blue eyes, but looking up trustfully into the brown ones bent above hers and glistening with sympathy, while the voice, tender and manly, was saying: "There, there, darling; papa would not hurt his little pet's feelings or spoil her supper if he could help it. See, papa could not eat any more when he knew you were feeling so badly. Now, sweetheart, let us go and see if there is anything left for us. Mother will attend to us herself."

For some time they talked softly; then I heard a little ripple of laughter, and they went to finish the meal, her hand clasped in her father's.

But I had my lesson. What a sweet remembrance for that child. Thank God for our Christian fathers, and while the tears dropped down my cheeks I cried silently, "Does God love me so?" And the answer came and stayed: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."—The Christian Guardian.

B. FAY MILLS' NEW FELLOWSHIP ORGANIZATION.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

It was by accident that we heard a discourse by Benjamin Fay Mills. We were looking for the service of Dr. Gunsaulus and being misdirected came to the service conducted by this one time nation-wide evangelist. He preached an ethical, non-religious sermon on the "Sermon on the Mount," showing that the principles of that sermon are really applicable to present day life. In the substance and manner and spirit of this ethical sermon, no fault could be found. He taught the vitality, the authority, the practicability of the sayings of Jesus. His back-ground was Tolstoyism in a mild form and his message on the whole was socialistic but not rank nor far from real Christian standards. Evidently he is trying to extract comfort from every system of thought. He had a good deal to say about Emerson. His agents at the front door were selling Emerson's essays. His own pamphlets on the "Psychic Man" were also on sale. He exalts Buddha. One of his favorite themes is "The Gospel According to Buddha."

There were present about 150 famine-stricken people. They all bore the marks of religious starvation, modern pagans, religious Arabs. The men had hard lines puckering their faces. They were cold, quizzical, and as far the degree of their intelligence would allow they were introspective. They did not say aye, yes or no. They all walked out on their heels with a sort of individualism not to be tampered with. The women present, about one-third of the congregation, had a sort of theosophical look.

One of the tenets of the Fellowship being promoted by Mr. Mills is "Fellowship is Heaven and the lack of it is Hell." The creed which the Fellowship recites contains this statement: "We recognize one Transcendent Supreme Principle." "We accept the Teaching of Modern Science, the Reign of Law, the Fact of Evolution and the Unity of all Substance," is another article of the Fellowship Creed. As we glanced at these dear old sisters, most of them blank and impersonal, we wondered what they really knew about "The Fact of Evolution," "The unity of all Substance." Their faces were tired, not a gleam of satisfaction, not a ripple of joy. They were simply a company of modern pagans waddling out as they had waddled in.

We were unable to discover any fellowship or anything out of which to make fellowship. About thirty members of the fellowship came down to the front and shook hands with Mr. Mills. In only two other cases did we note any sociability of any kind. The company went away cold and stiff and dead, hopelessly dead. Modern Science, The Reign of Law, The Fact of Evolution and The Supreme Principle did not produce any visible evidence of Fellowship.The only comfort in the whole service was the dimly shadowed Christ whom Mr. Mills has so cruelly and wantonly betrayed. All that made the service different from cold paganism was his incidental allusion to Jesus Christ.

While listening to Mr. Mills we called to mind one of his great evangelical sermons preached in the Mechanics Pavilion on the text "And Peter." He went on to show that in great tenderness and love that Christ sent a special message to Peter because Peter had denied his Lord. Christ was not content to send a general message but added "And Peter." There were tears on Peter's face. Christ never leaves a backslider, a betrayer so long as tears of penitential sorrow fill his eyes.

Mr. Mills has greatly improved in his diction, in his oratory and in his general polish. In those evangelistic days his boyish face, beaming with good feeling, was fresh, frank, open, glowing and back of it a sturdy Napoleonic will. Now his face is care-worn, sharpened, cut with deep lines; his manner is artificial, formal, professional. To the wear and care of his years he has attempted to add an aesthetic touch by allowing his hair to grow long in front and fluffing it. It gives him a grotesque and stage-like appearance. This personal touch of wierd and shaggy aestheticism connects up with "The Fact of Evolution" and "The Reign of Law." There is nothing in this cold, gray-eyed creed of Christless fellowship to show that Mr Mills believes in the "Reversal of Type" or in "The Atrophy of Moral and Spiritual Powers." That fact was stamped not only on his own face but on the physiognomy of his haggard and hungry-faced congregation. He seems to be organizing these Fellowships in all the cities where he can find a contingency of religious defectives numerous enough to support the enterprise. "The man without a country" was indeed in a bad enough fix but the man beating his way over the country and trying to preach without a message is the most pitiable of all men. Mr. Mills now knows the tremendous price he paid for the empty husks of unbelief. On the collection plate were pennies, at the door of the hall his few friends were trying hard to sell copies of his pamphlets at 5 cents each. Everything bore the marks of financial stress. There are many unbelievers in the world but it is hard to get them together. Unbelief has nothing to propagate. Weeds and briars and brambles grow without cultivation. Unbelief like thistle seed scatters itself upon the wings of the wind.

Our Young People

DISH-WASHING MADE EASY.

'Tomorrow's her birthday, you know."

" 'Sh! Yes, we better get it ready today."

Frances took from a box in her lap a tiny envelope and a sheet of paper, and prepared to write, while Flora looked over her shoulder, ready to offer suggestions.

"Resolved, That—we—will—" read Frances, slowly, as she wrote.

"We, the undersigned," interrupted Flora, "that's the way papa began the New Year's resolutions we all signed."

"Oh, yes! Well, I guess I can fix that without showing much. Resolved—that we—the—undersigned—will—wash—the—dishes—every—time—"

"Every single time," corrected Flora.

"But I can't put that in now without spoiling the paper, and this is the last sheet."

The two little girls studied the problem for a moment, and then Frances went on with her writing. When she had finished, this is what the paper said:

"Rezolved that we will wash the dishes evry time till september 24, evry SINGEL time

Frances Reed Shepard
Flora Louise Shepard."

The two plotters surveyed their work with great satisfaction; then Frances carefully folded the sheet of paper and put it into the envelope.

"Now what shall we say on the outside?" she asked.

"Say, 'To the Nicest Mother in Rhode Island,'" suggested Flora.

"Oh, no, Rhode Island's such a little place!"

"Well, then, America."

"But that might seem's if there were nicer mothers in England or—or somewhere else."

"We might say, 'To the Nicest Mother in the World,' but that's so common. Let's see, what is that name Cousin Helen studies about? It means a whole lot of worlds together—sol—sol—"

"Oh, yes, solar system! Just the thing!"

So Frances wrote, "To the Nicest Mother in the Solersistum."

Next morning mother found the little envelope on her plate at the breakfast table.

"Why, what's this?" she said, puzzling awhile over the funny word at the end.

But when she had opened it and read the inside, she said, "Why, my dear little girlies, this is only the first of July! I couldn't think of letting you wash dishes for six people all through your long vacation, and when you dislike dishwashing more than anything else, too."

"But, mother," said Frances, "we really want to. We hadn't any money to buy you a birthday present, and we thought if we picked out something real hard to do for you, it would show we loved you a lot. Please let us."

So mother accepted the precious gift, on condition that in case the girls should have company, or should want to go away, or there should be any other special reason for her help, she was to be permitted to do their work for them.

That very morning they began their labor of love, while mother, greatly relieved, but still with a little feeling of guilt at accepting what seemed to her so great a sacrifice, sat down to her sewing.

It was not so hard as they had thought it would be. They had often turned their little tasks into play, and now they began to make up games to fit their work.

Sometimes Flora, who wiped, would try to see how many "waits" she could get, while Frances made the dishcloth fly in the effort to keep ahead. Sometimes, at the beginning, each would guess the number of a certain kind of dish in the pile to see which could guess nearest.

Another game they tried was "Jackstraws," when the washer would drop a handful of the silver at once, and the wiper would try to remove them one at a time without touching the others. A similar play was when the wiper would try to take the dish that had been washed longest without moving any of the others.

A special favorite was the game of "Town," in which the wiper arranged the dishes, after wiping, in rows upon the table, the largest ones being public buildings, churches, and so on.

Still another was for both to try to think of all the articles in sight beginning with the same letter as the article that was being wiped; and if they wished to take their minds farther from their task they played "I'm thinking of something in this room," while they worked and questioned and guessed all at once.

On the twenty-fourth day of September, mother said: "What a splendid vacation I've had! Now I must set my little workers free. How much they must have loved me to do a hard thing such a long time for me!"

"But mother," protested Frances, "it isn't quite fair to call it a hard thing any more, for I like to do it now, and I mean to keep right on."

'Me, too," said Flora.—Lillian M. Allen in Congregationalist.

DO YOUR LEVEL BEST.

Do your level best, boys, always—everywhere;
Never mind what others do, you act fair and square.
Duty's call is urgent, and life is no empty jest;
Pull yourselves together, boys, and do your level best.

Do your level best, boys, whate'er your lot may be;
Grinding in the study, or sailing on the sea,
Pen, or plow, or hammer, or in scarlet tunic drest,
Pull yourselves together, boys, and do your level best.

Do your level best, boys, all honest work will wear;
Yours is now the springtime; improve the season rare.
Use each precious moment, all trifling ways detest;
Pull yourselves together, boys, and do your level best.

Do your level best, boys, all honest work will tell,
Though the task be irksome, resolve to do it well.
Tinsel oft may glitter, but will not stand the test;
Pull yourselves together, boys, and do your level best.

—David Johnstone.

HELP US FORGET

O God, most merciful and kind,
The principles that are behind
Mere tunings, not Thy key-notes set
For making manhood's perfect peans yet,
Help us forget, help us forget.

The sins of youth, the unclean word,
The things that sudden anger stirred,
The jest unseemly, all the debt
And sin that Thou hast promised to forget,
Help us forget, help, us forget.

—Bishop Warren.

There are many kinds of love, as many kinds of light,
And every kind of love makes a glory in the night.
There is love that stirs the heart, and love that gives it rest;
But the love that leads life upward is the noblest and the best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

The teachings of Jesus are the highest law of life.

WASHINGTON A MODEL FOR THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

Wm. Wirt.

You need not turn your eyes to ancient Greece, or Rome, or to modern Europe. You have in your own Washington a recent model, whom you have only to imitate to become immortal.

Nor must you suppose that he owed his greatness to the peculiar crisis which called out his virtues, and despair of such another crisis for the display of your own. His more than Roman virtues, his consummate prudence, his powerful intellect, and his dauntless decision and dignity of character stood ready to match it. Acquire his character, and fear not the recurrence of a crisis to show forth its glory. Look at the elements of commotion that are already at work in this vast republic, and threatening us with moral earthquake that will convulse it to its foundation.

Look at the political degeneracy which pervades the country, and which has already borne us so far away from the golden age of the Revolution; look at all "the signs of the times," and you will see but little cause to indulge the hope that no crisis is likely to recur to give full scope for the exercise of the most heroic virtues. Hence it is that I so anxiously hold up to you the model of Washington. Form yourselves on that noble model. Strive to acquire his modesty, his disinterestedness, his singleness of heart, his determined devotion to his country, his candor in deliberation his accuracy of judgment, his invincible firmness of resolve, and then may you hope to be in your own age what he was in his: "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of your countrymen."

Commence your career with this high standard of character, your course will be as steady as the needle to the pole; your end will always be virtuous, your means always noble; you will adorn as well as bless your country; you will exalt and illustrate the age in which you live; your example will shake like a tempest that pestilential pool in which the virtues of our people are all ready to stagnate, and restore the waters and the atmosphere to their Revolutionary purity.

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